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Gray-Sonnets and Other Verses - 1894

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17
Sonnets
and Other Verses

by William Gay

**Sonnets
and
Other Verses**

Sonnets and Other Verses

BY
WILLIAM GAY

Me illorum, dederim quibus esse poetas,
Excerptam numero.
Ingenium cui sit, cui mens diviniior, atque os
Magna sonaturum, des nominis huius honorem.
—HORACE.

E. A. PETHERICK & CO.
Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide
and London
1894

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Prefatory Note

THESE verses are merely the occasional essays of one whose chief interest lies another way. They make no claim that may not be freely allowed; and, especially, they do not pretend to be characteristically Australian. They will almost certainly have no successors from this pen; and whatever fate may be assigned to them they will accept.

Victoria,

January, 1894

Evans 3 Mar. 1943 (206d)

To M.

*If in the summer of thy bright regard
For one brief season these poor Rhymes shall live
I ask no more, nor think my fate too hard
If other eyes but wintry looks should give ;
Nor will I grieve though what I here do write
By Time be dropped among the noisy ways,
And in Oblivion's dust be buried quite
Beyond the praise and blame of other days :
The song doth pass, but I who sing, remain,
I pluck from Death's own heart a life more deep,
And as the Spring, that dies not, in her train
Doth scatter blossoms for the winds to reap,
So I, immortal, as I fare along,
Will strew my path with mortal flowers of song.*

Sonnets

Disillusionment

I often gazed in youth on one fair scene
Of wood and lake and stream and rugged hill
Far-spread before me in the sunshine, till
My spirit trembled with a pleasure keen;
But now for me departed is the sheen
That glorified of old each tinkling rill.—
So, when I saw thee first, my heart stood still
To hear thy voice and mark thy perfect mien,
Then passion's torrent fierce and high did flow
And swept through all the channels of the brain:
Now, not a corpuscle in all my blood
Jostles his fellow, but with even flood
From heart to head and head to heart again
Each in his wonted place doth quiet go.

1887

Aspiration

Sad human heart, that doth forever seek
For perfect knowledge and for perfect peace,
Nor, even if it would, can ever cease,
Though sick with failure and with striving weak,
To brace itself anew to win the peak
That far and beautiful amid the fleece
Of clouds doth shine!—O pain without release,
To which the lighted noon nor midnight bleak
Doth ever bring respite!—Sad human heart,
Yet brave as sad to face the heights that seem
Unending, inaccessible! But sad,
Ah, thrice more sad, the soul enthroned apart
On some high pinnacle, and with the beam
Of perfect knowledge and achievement clad.

1890

Jealousy

Dear God, we bow to Thee and question not,
When we behold from sweet and fruitful soil
Weeds issuing forth, or when we see the broil
Of cloud and tempest fearfully begot
From peaceful skies, and things all hideous
brought

From things all beautiful.—But we recoil,
And cling to Thee, lest faith become a spoil
Unto the Tempter, when we see the lot
Thou hast appointed unto comely things
Appointed even to that of all most fair,
The chiefest good of peasants and of kings,
The chiefest name the King of kings doth
bear,—

When we behold with roots struck deep in Love
The basest thing all other things above.

1890

Inconstancy

I loved thee once, and now I love thee not,
And why I love thee not I do not know :
When we were young together, long ago,
Thy form was fair, thy soul without a blot,
Thy life, as now, in every act and thought,
A holy, sweet self-sacrifice ; and so,
Thy excellence compelling, I did grow
To strength of love, and love responsive sought
Not vainly ; but—O end most sad and strange—
The love that oft I vowed a quenchless fire
Did wane and die, and all my path was strown
With ashes of reproach.—So I did change,
But thou dost keep thy faithfulness entire,
And blameless through the world dost walk,
alone.

1891-3

To Laurence Oliphant**TRAVELLER AND MYSTIC**

O daring voyager over all the seas
That ever cling to this hot-hearted sphere
With cool embrace, who never knewest fear,
Even though the masts before the strenuous
breeze
Did crack! O traveller through climes that
freeze
The headlong torrent to a mirror clear,
And climes where Summer loiters all the year
Amid the shade of undespoiled trees!
O thou, for whom the beauty nor the fame
Of earth sufficed, whose eager spirit pined
To scale the battlements of western flame,
The kingdoms of unfading day to find
And the dread password of the skies to claim,
On thee at last the eternal light hath shined!

1891

Milford Sound*(Written in Winter)*

Grim walls, that tower abruptly from the deep,
That guard an immemorial solitude
Of straitened sea which knows no tempest rude
And only hears from far the waves' long sweep!
White peaks, whereon December suns will reap
A silent store of clouds, unloose the flood
Which captive long in Winter's hold hath
stood,
And wake the mountain mosses from their sleep!
Grim walls! white peaks! unravished silences!
Grey sinuous lane of solitary sea!
Unswerving glacier which from yonder height
Creeps down, through days whose hours are
centuries!
O that my quickened soul might ever be
Among your lonely shrines an eremite!

1891

Love and Death

Attired with heavenly light, the vestal moon
Doth traverse her dominion of the sky,
Advancing with a sweeter majesty
Than his, who is the fiery lord of noon ;
And round his shores the sea doth fret and swoon,
And heaves his surge with many a dolorous
sigh,
That he, so lowly, loved of her, so high,
May only from afar with her commune ;
And yet though distant, and though veiled her
face,
Through all his depths she still to him doth
prove
Her influence tender, her affection sure.—
And though, dear love, awhile from my embrace
To radiant heights great Death should thee
remove,
Yet would thy power to draw me still endure.

1891-3

Vestigia Nulla Retrorsum

O steep and rugged Life, whose harsh ascent
Slopes blindly upward through the bitter
night,

They say that on thy summit, high in light,
Strong hands receive the climber, travel-spent;
But I, alas, with dusty garments rent,

With fainting heart and failing limbs and
sight,

Can see no glimmer of the shining height,
And vainly list, with body forward bent,
To catch athwart the gloom one wandering note
Of those glad anthems which (they say) are
sung

When one emerges from the mists below :
But though, O Life, thy summit be remote
And all thy stony path with darkness hung,
Yet ever upward through the night I go.

1892

To One Unknown

The long slow days when no voice ever speaks,

The dull blank days go by and make no sign,

My dreary solitude no comrade seeks,

To cheer my thirsting soul with love's glad
wine :

At times a passing stranger, large of heart,

Whose path winds near where sore in pain
I lie,

Doth turn aside some solace to impart,

And leaves me happier for his farewell sigh ;

But thou, O dear One, why dost thou delay ?

In seeking thee whose soul is knit with mine
I, wandering long, have fallen by the way

Before mine eyes have ever looked on thine :

O unknown dear One, haste o'er heath and hill,

Before the heart that breaks for thee be still !

1892

To Walt Whitman

Thou who didst take the world in thy embrace,
Who spokest long the fearless praise of Death,
Now hast thou looked on her benignant face,
And in her realms thou drawest a sweeter
breath;
And drinking there a deeper draught of life,
In loftier doing thou dost find thy rest,
And still dost nobly urge the ancient strife
Which Freedom ever wages for the oppressed !
O not for thee the heaven where sluggard saints
In vacant sloth consume the endless years,
But still 'tis thine to raise the soul that faints,
And still 'tis thine to dry a comrade's tears,
And all around thee, Brother, Master, Friend,
The generous riches of thy heart to spend.

1892

TO A. S.

Like some wild bird that warbles to itself
Deep-hid among the leaves, I piped my song,
But little thinking I of name or pelf,
And caring only I might sing as long
As the rude chant could please my partial ear,
Or till the heart that out of fulness sang,
Content with utterance, ceased.—That thou
shouldst hear,
With whose own strains of late the forest
rang,
I could not dream; but now that thou hast
heard,
And claimed for brother-singer of the wood
One who but thought to carol undeterred
And all unknown, I quit my solitude,
And from the topmost branch of all the tree
I sing this song, not for myself, but thee.

1892

To a Friend

Thou art the sun, dear Friend, and I the earth,
In thy sweet influence my life revolves,
The fulness of thy light doth hide my dearth,
And thy perfection my defect absolves ;
Yet oft the sun doth spend his light in vain,
And darkly muffled in tempestuous gloom,
The earth, an alien from his bounteous reign,
Doth onward swing as to a hopeless doom.—
But O, dear Friend, should e'er affection's
face

By stormy vapours thus be hid from mine,
And I from day to day be doomed to trace
A lonely orbit, blame could not be thine :
From earth itself it is that clouds are bred,
'Tis light alone that from the sun is shed.

1892

To One in Trouble

I looked, complaining, on the fall of night,
I watched the ebbing of the sunset fires,
And grieving saw the rosy mountain spires
Each after each from my bereavèd sight
In gloom withdraw ; and for the cheerful light,
And for the music of the woodland choirs,
And all the joy that with the sun retires,
I mourned, and fain from western height to
height
Was I to follow in the golden wake
Of day ; and so my heart with heaviness
Was overcome, till sudden there did break
The solace of the stars on my distress :
So, like a star, thy soul, methought, doth make
A light the clearer as the day grows less.

1893

The Burial-Place of the Gods

About me lay a region vague and vast,
A shadowy region strange and terrible,
And I, entranced beneath its awful spell,
Did know not if my soul from Life had passed,
Or whether, on the wastes of Death out-cast,
I trembled now, amazed, in heaven or hell;
And then a sudden fear across me fell,
As on my straining sight there grew at last
Huge shapes phantasmal, mute, unmoving, dead,
That dim along the formless glooms did lie,
Incorporate grown with the sepulchral night—
The shapes of them who once the Olympian
height
Or Asgard of the north inhabited,
Or dwelt unseen beyond the Syrian sky.

1893

Death

As when the husbandman comes home to rest,
Weary with labour in the burning field,
And with the night his soul to sleep doth
yield,

And wakes to toil with unabated zest ;
So give, sweet Death, to me thy slumber blest,
With thy cool hand let my hot lids be sealed,
For now the clock the vesper hour has pealed,
The tardy sun has left the fading west,
And I am worn with hunger and with care ;
And when, sweet Death, I've been for one
short night

Sunk in the stillness of thy shadowy halls,
With joy awaking I will greet the light
That from no earthly dawn about me falls,
And will to toil with cheerful haste repair.

1893

The Quest Divine

Once, sitting in my cottage, rapt in thought,
When winter winds were tugging at the pane,
I seemed to hear a voice across the rain,
The Lord thy God too long thou hast forgot:
Then I arose, and sallied forth, and sought
The Lord my God through all the earth and
main,
And knelt with tears in many a pilèd fane,
And wrestled sore with books, and found Him
not.—

So to my lowly hut I dragged once more
My wasted limbs, and felt my soul was dead
And deemed the world was but an empty shrine,
Till, musing 'midst the storm as once of yore,
Mine eyes were opened, and I wept and said,
My Lord ! my God ! the voice that spake was Thine !

1893

Other Verses

The Maid of the Hill

There lives a maid upon a hill
That stands beside the austral sea,
And O, that maid has wrought me ill,
For she has stolen my heart from me.

And by a path among the trees
I climb the hill beside the sea,
To beg that maiden on my knees
To give again my heart to me.

But O, her skin is like the foam,
Her eyes are like the morning star,
Her smile is like the lights of home
To weary voyagers from afar ;

And so alas the purpose high
That would so fair a maid disdain !
For even as she greets me, I
Resign my heart to her again.

And when at last the favouring wind
And flowing tide forbid to stay,
My heart with her I'll leave behind,
But O, with hers I'll sail away.

1886

Distrust

Fair maid, my simple heart that stole,
And laughing said that yours was mine,
The shadows fall across my soul,
The sun of love has ceased to shine.

You vowed that long as time endures
To you would I be all in all,
But O, that low sweet laugh of yours
Has banished peace beyond recall.

And when beneath the silent moon
My ship glides o'er the level sea,
My troubled soul is out of tune
With Nature's deep tranquillity.

But when the fierce Sou'-wester breaks
His frozen bonds, and rushes forth
Across the roaring sea and shakes
His icy spear against the North,

When breakers thunder on the lee,
When timbers crash, and sails are rent,
O then my soul's in harmony
With all the wild environment.

Fair maid, for whom my pulses beat,
For whom I to the death would go,
I would you had not laughed so sweet,
I would you had not laughed so low.

1886

Rondel

*(Loquitur : a Colonial Statesman in compulsory retirement
during a time of depression.)*

I believe that a life of domestic repose is
More blessèd by far than I first did conceive,
For although there be thorns in the midst of
the roses,
I believe,

On the whole there's no reason to grieve
That from law-making life, which, as everyone
knows, is
Full of thistles and briars, I've had a reprieve.

But all that notwithstanding, that I am the Moses
Who shall lighten the load and the fortunes
retrieve
Of a people that sunk in an Egypt of woes is,
I believe.

1888

To a Shop-Girl

Alone, along the gloomy street,
When labour with the light is gone,
When lamps are lit and blinds are drawn,
A maiden goes with hurrying feet.

She homeward speeds unto her rest,
Like some sweet bird that flieth late,
That flies, alas, without a mate
To where the shadows hide her nest.

O maiden lone ! without a mate
No longer dare the darkened street ;
Divide with Love my poor retreat,
And never more be lonely late.

Immutability

One by one the years go by,
Still the sun doth rule the sky,
Still do waters clearly run,
Still are maidens wooed and won.

One by one the years go by,
Still do clouds usurp the sky,
Still do waters darkly run,
Still of men will maids have none.

One by one the years go by,
Ever so the years will fly,
Ever good and ill be done,
Joy and grief together spun.

Amor Restituens

Alone by the side of a troubled sea,
Alone we wandered, my love and I,
When the day was dying on wave and lea,
And night was lord of the orient sky.

And over the mist lying over the sea,
In the far-off South was one bright star,
That shed its light on my love and me,
And drew on the waters a silver bar.

O pure as the light of my love's clear eyes,
And soft as the love that shines through tears,
Was the star that gleamed from the dusky skies,
Like a joyful hope in a wild of fears.

And it struck to the heart of the troubled sea
The deep calm peace of a great content,
And sweet new thoughts it brought to me,
And sweet new joy to love it lent ;

For over the mist of a long despair,
And over the edge of the soul's dark sea,
O fairer than ever a star is fair,
My love had come like a star to me.

* * * * *

Alone by the side of a tranquil sea,
Alone we wandered, my love and I,
When the day was dead on wave and lea,
And night was lord of all the sky,

1889

Hearing Port

O list, my lads, the piping breeze!
It strews the ocean ways with foam,
It sweeps exultant o'er the seas
That break along the shores of home.

O see, my lads, yon glimmering peak
That slowly creeps above the tide!
The haven sure that now we seek
Beneath its shadow doth abide.

O see, my lads, yon speck of white
That twinkles on the sea afar!
O 'tis the light-house on the height
That hangs above the harbour bar!

O see, my lads, yon pigmy tower
That grows and grows to greet us home!
O soon its chimes will tell the hour
When we shall leave the fields of foam!

O haste, my lads, clew up the sails!
Let go the anchor from the bow!
No more we heed the shifting gales,
No more awhile the ocean plough.

1891

The Dying Scot

I'm faur frae thee, my native land,
And O, it's sune I'm like tae dee ;
In a' the warl' I ne'er ha'e fand
A place that I ha'e lo'ed like thee.

O mony's the bonnie face I've seen
While traiv'lin' ower this earthly waste,
And mony's the sigh o' love I've gi'en,
But aye I've sighed for thee the maist.

A' thing's gane wrang, and I maun dee,
And yet my bosom kens nae fears,
But when my thochts gang hame tae thee
My face is wat wi' burnin' tears.

And when I close my weary e'en
 I see the snaw that taps the Ben,
 The Cameron woods wi' simmer green,
 The dreepin' darkness o' the glen ;

I hear the din that deaves the sky
 That lo'ers sae black ower Glesca' toon,
 I see the Clyde gang sweepin' by
 The hills that rise behint Dunoon ;

And then upon the Arran shore
 I see the waves come tum'lin' in,
 I e'en can hear their aw'some roar,
 I maist can smell the caller win'.

O God ! it's hard frae hame tae dee,
 Among the alien mools tae lie,—
 By Leven's banks I fain wad be,
 At rest beneath my ain dear sky.

But mony a waefu' mile o' sea
That bre'ks on mony a foreign strand,
Maun lie for aye 'twixt thee and me,
'Twixt thee and me, my native land.

Then O, fareweel, ilk stream and firth,
Ilk loch and hill sae faur awa'!
Fareweel, dear land that gi'ed me birth!
For thee my latest tears doon-fa'.

But sune wull ilka tear be dry,
And cauld the he'rt for thee that burns,
For tears and luv and a' gae by
When dust at last tae dust returns.

1891-3

Good-Bye

Sweet-heart, good-bye !
The day to me is dark,
Although on high
The lark,
In light withdrawn, doth pour his joyful lay,
And careth not that thou and I do part,—
O dull and dark the day
That I to thee must say
Good-bye, Sweet-heart !

1891

Lines
on Receiving some Blossoms of the Broom

O blooms of flame and gold !
What magic do you hold
In every dainty fold ?

O tell to me, I pray,
What is it you would say,—
I die while you delay.

You tell of lands all bright
With noon's unblemished light
Whilst here doth reign the night ?

You speak of spring's sweet smells,
And freshly-flowing wells
In lonely woodland dells ?

Is this what you would say ?
O tell to me I pray,—
I die while you delay.

O that some fairy freak
Would make these mute lips speak
And tell me all I seek !

Hark ! whose the voice I hear,
So faint and sweet and clear,
So far away yet near ?

* * * * *

*" We speak of wood nor well,
Nor is it ours to tell
Of any lonely dell.*

*" We speak of no far land,
But of a maid's white hand,
And come at her command.*

*" We speak of her bright eyes,
Who brake our earthly ties
And raised us towards the skies.*

*" She gave us happy death,
And still her fragrant breath
Around us lingereth."*

* * * * *

O blooms of flame and gold !
Is this the magic old
That haunts your every fold ?

Predestined

I saw you, knew you were mine ;
You saw me, knew I was yours ;
A moment and you were gone,
But the knowledge for ever endures
In the heart of you and of me
That since ever the world took shape
As a thought in the mind of God,
Since ever each molten cape
Ran forth in a sea of fire,
For each other were you and I.—
And though long or short be the time,
In a world that is distant or nigh
Each shall meet with the other yet,
Each shall read in the other's soul
What each knew to be written there

Since each at the other stole
The glance that was past like a flash,
Like a lightning flash revealed
The marriage of soul with soul
In eternity fixed and sealed.

A moment and you were gone,
And I passed along the street,
But the crowd was a mist to my eyes
And the pavement was air to my feet;
And I thought had I said but a word,
Had your glance but grown to a smile,
The way we must travel apart
Had been shortened by many a mile.

Yet though long we must journey alone
On the upward pathway of life,
Though ages in cycles should pass,
And the worlds in a blind dead strife

Should crash to their final doom,
Yet well do we know, you and I,
That when or wherever it be,
On the breast of my love thou wilt lie.

1892

Isabel

I

Dear Isabel, your eyes are blue,
Nor do I think I greatly err
When frankly I declare to you
Your locks are of the very hue
That I prefer.

Your lips are red, your teeth are white,
Your nose is all a nose should be,
Your figure's just the proper height,
And smiles flit o'er your face as light
Flits o'er the sea.

And when you wake, or when you sleep,
Or when you smile, or when you sing,
Or when you talk, or silence keep,
All other maidens well might weep
With envying.

II

O maiden of the newer time,
'Tis thus I celebrate your charms,
And idly play with olden rhyme ;
But you with wrathfulness sublime
Are up in arms.

"And if it be my eyes are blue,"
You say with all the scorn you can,
"And everything you say be true,
Still what on earth is that to you
Or any man?

*"A woman was not made for show,
To pass the idle hours of men ;
And well she does the value know
Of empty flatteries that flow
From tongue or pen.*

*"It is not men alone that climb
High Evolution's long ascent ;
And women of the later time
Will not be fed on foolish rhyme
Nor compliment.*

*"And has not woman heart and brain ?
And must not woman feel and know ?
Nor hope with man a place to gain ?
But must she in his lordly train
Forever go ?*

*"O no, believe me, soon will time
Unloose her bonds and set her free,
And make your sentimental rhyme
Against her womanhood a crime
Of high degree."*

III

O do not, Isabel, be wroth,
Nor scorch me with your burning ire,
For truly I am something loth
To perish like a foolish moth,
Engulfed in fire.

Both right and liberty to rise
To woman I would ne'er refuse,
And even as much as you I prize
The prospect that before us lies
Of larger views.

But if when comes that greater time
Of liberated womanhood,
It shall be thought in man a crime
To shadow forth in humble rhyme
Each various mood

That springs within him at the sight
Of beauty in a woman's face,
Or fills his soul with fire and light
When stoops to him a vision bright
Of love and grace,

Then, truly, I would rather be
A simple bard in times like these,
When bards are altogether free
To sing of maid or man or tree,
As they shall please

And yet I cannot but believe
That in the golden age to come
'Twill scarcely be as you conceive,
But that the maids will greatly grieve
Should bards be dumb.

So, pray you, smile on me again,
And put those angry thoughts away
That in you rise at tyrant men,
And let me take once more my pen
And tune my lay.

O let me sing those eyes of blue,
The nose that's neither short nor long,
The locks that are my favourite hue,—
O let me sing again to you
My votive song.

But should you still be obstinate,
And say it is a shameful thing,
Perhaps it is not yet too late
To seek me out another mate
To whom to sing.

IV

"Another mate, then, go and find,"
I hear you scornfully reply,
"There may be maidens have a mind
For song of such a silly kind,
But so not I.

"For is it right, do you suppose,
When woman's soul in bondage lies
And woman's heart is full of woes,
To sing about a woman's nose
Or woman's eyes ?

*"So, sir, I pray, betake you hence
With all your worthless stock-in-trade
Of jingling rhymes and vain pretence,
And pray to Heaven for common sense,
Though long delayed.*

*"O better far to till the ground,
And taste the honourable joys
Wherewith all honest toil is crowned,
Than fill the air with empty sound
And fruitless noise.*

*"And I will also seek a mate,
A bard of purpose high and good,
A soul with truth illuminate,
And fit to be the laureate
Of womanhood."*

V

If you would seek for such a mate,
Then I, alas, must say farewell,
But much I fear 'twill be his fate
To be, like me, the laureate
Of Isabel.

1892

Song

Although the sun has left the sky,
For me 'tis only dawn,
'Tis only now the morning breaks,
Although the day be gone.

For through the dusk she sweetly comes,
Who brings to me the dawn,
And twilight never falls on me
But only when she's gone.

1893

The Crazy World

The World did say to me,
"My bread thou shalt not eat,
I have no place for thee
In house nor field nor street.

"I have on land nor sea
For thee nor home nor bread,
I scarce can give to thee
A grave when thou art dead."

"O crazy World," said I,
"What is it thou canst give,
Which wanting, I must die,
Or having, I shall live?"

"When thou thy all hast spent,
And all thy harvests cease,
I still have nutriment
That groweth by decrease.

"Thy streets will pass away,
Thy towers of steel be rust,
Thy heights to plains decay,
Thyself be wandering dust ;

"But I go ever on
From prime to endless prime,
I sit on Being's throne,
A lord o'er space and time.

"Then crazy World," said I,
"What is it thou canst give,
Which wanting, I must die,
Or having, I shall live ? "

Dirge

Cauld, cauld she lies, where snaws are deep
And bitter blaws the muirland win',
And ower her grave the icy stars
Are keepin' watch abune.

But braw, O braw, the blooms that deck
The grave where he that lo'ed her, lies,
And saftly blaws the simmer breeze,
And cloudless are the skies.

1894

Dark yet Bright

Though dark thine eyes, yet through my soul
They send a brighter ray
Than o'er the earth the sun doth shed
Upon a summer day.

Though dark thy locks as that dark hour
From which the dawn doth rise,
Yet bright thy smile as when the morn
With light doth fill the skies.

Though dark thine aspect, yet the soul
That shineth in thy face,
Is fair as that unfading World,
Its timeless dwelling-place.

Though dark thy path at times should be,
And lead through storm and night,
Yet thy brave heart will bear thee on
To ways of peace and light.

Though dark the lonely strait of death,
And dark the closed tomb,
Yet radiant will thy spirit rise
Beyond the fatal gloom.

1894

The Sabbath-Breakers

Four ragged boys in a dingy court
Did frolic the whole day long,
Their careless hearts were full of glee
And never a thought of wrong.

And the Lord of Heaven, as He gazed across
His universe wide and far,
Saw four young faces that beamed with joy
In a grimy nook in a star.

And His heart with happiness filled, and the light
Grew brighter about His throne,
For the heart of the Lord doth truly rejoice
In the joy of His people alone.

But there came through the court one formal
and grave

Who asked with a look severe :
For the day of God had they no regard,
For the anger of God no fear ?

And they hushed their mirth for awe of the God
Who had banned one day of the seven ;
And a pang went through the heart of the Lord,
And a shadow fell upon Heaven.

1894

Love's Infinity

Dear lowly flower that liftest up
Among the grass thy golden cup,
I take thee from thy earthy bed
And plant thee in my heart instead !

Ye waves that toss the gleaming spray,
Whose rhythmic rise and fall obey
The cadence of some spheral song,
'Tis in my breast ye sweep along !

Majestic sun that pourest light
On flower and wave with equal might,
My soul doth clasp thee in the skies
And thou in me dost set and rise !

* * * * *

O thou I love, thy lips of fire
Have waked an infinite desire!
And with the love I bear to thee
I yearn for all the things that be.

O all was emptiness within
Till thou with love didst enter in,
And by the door thou camest through
The trees and stars have entered too.

1894



